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PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY
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One year, \$3.00 (six months, \$1.50).

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(Entered at the Postoffice at Wheeling, W. Va., as
second-class matter.)

The Intelligencer.

It is somewhat singular that Senator Vance of North Carolina, should desire the repeal of the Civil Service law in the light of recent disclosures regarding the number of the Vance family who are enjoying the spoils of the recent accidental victory of the Democratic party.

The Senator's anxiety to have the law annulled carries with it the suspicion that there are some family connections yet remaining who cannot get to the manager on account of their inability to measure the stature required by the provisions of the act. Already sixteen Vances have been provided with comfortable places at an annual cost to the government of \$25,000. They are as follows:

Z. B. Vance, United States Senator, salary, \$5,000.
R. H. Vance, Assistant Commissioner of Patents, \$4,500.
C. F. Vance, son, clerk to the Senator, \$3,000.
Z. B. Vance, Jr., son, Geological Survey, \$2,000.
W. G. Vance, cousin, in the Treasury, \$1,500.
D. M. Vance, cousin, in the Postoffice Department, \$1,000.
D. M. Vance, cousin, in the army, \$1,000.
J. Vance, cousin, Mississippi River Commission, \$1,000.
E. Vance, cousin, Department of Justice, \$1,000.
David N. Vance, cousin, Internal Revenue, \$1,000.
A. R. Vance, cousin, Government Printing Office, \$500.
A. P. Vance, nephew, \$200.
F. Robinson, nephew, page in the Senate, \$500.
Hall, nephew, page in the House, \$500.

McDonald, cousin, in the Government Printing Office, \$200.
From this it would seem that the Senator's motives are not unselfish. The Vance family has more than its pro rata share of public pay, and the party itself should be ashamed of the greed exhibited by the North Carolina Senator and his hungry relatives and connections. When Grant was President he was accused of a mild sort of nepotism, but the showing made above beats the record.

Convict Labor.
The evils of convict labor, when such labor is leased to contractors to be worked outside of the walls of a prison, is thoroughly exemplified by the troubles in Pulaski county, Kentucky, where the freedmen are protesting against the employment of convicts in the mines.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal*, commenting on the situation, says: "It is a flagrant violation of the rights of a great special interest for the State to create a criminal competition with honest labor. The necessary tendency of such a system is to force honest industry down to rates of wages which will merely buy the coarse food and clothing which form a part of the punishment as well as the sustenance of State criminals, including nothing for the sustenance of wife and children. The State, as a wholesale buyer of food and clothing, purchases the means of subsistence for its criminals at wholesale prices, and the citizen laborer is compelled to compete with labor thus provided, while himself subjected to the expense of retail prices for his own sustenance."

If work cannot be found for the criminal inside the prison walls he certainly should not be sent out into the world to take the bread out of the mouth of the honest, industrious citizen.

CLASSIC STYLE.
The Simplicity of Language in Chief Beauty.
Frederic H. Hodge in the Atlantic.

There is no better illustration of the reserve, the passionate transparency and naivete of the classic style of narrative than that which is given in the Acts of the Apostles; not the work of a recognized classic author, but beautifully classic in its pure objectivity, its absence of personal coloring. In that wonderful narrative of Paul's shipwreck the narrator closes his account of an anxious journey with these words: "Then fearing lest they should have fallen upon rocks, he cast forth aboard of him the stern and wished for the day." Fancy a modern writer dealing with such a theme! How he would enlarge on the racking suspense, the tortures of expectation, endured by the storm-tossed vessel, how he would dwell on the momentary dread of the shock which should shatter the frail bark and engulf the devoted crew, the agony of the sailors as they saw the vessel strained to catch the first glimmer of returning light, etc. All of which the writer of the Acts conveys in the single phrase, "And they wished for the day."

Clear, unimpassioned, impartial presentation of the subject, whether fact or fiction, whether done in prose or verse, is the prominent feature of the classic style. The modern writer gives you not so much the thing themselves as his impression on them. You are compelled to see through his eyes—that is, through his feelings and reflections. The ancient present them in their own light, without coloring. They would seem to have possessed other powers of seeing than the modern, who, as Jean Paul says, glazes with an intellectual eyeglass behind his own eyes. Certainly they possessed the art of so placing their object as not to have their own shadow fall upon it.

Greiff Hannibal and the Jerseyman.
Chicago News.

I was once told a characteristic story of Hannibal Hamlin that I do not think it ever found its way into print. A few weeks after Mr. Lincoln's second election a Mr. Charles Templeton, of Newark, went to Washington at the behest of the electoral vote of New Jersey, which, it will be remembered, was cast for McClellan and Pendleton, the Democratic nominees. Mr. Templeton was a very pompous individual, with a grossly exaggerated idea of the importance of his position. He invited a number of his friends to accompany him to Washington, and it is said, went so far as to charter a special car for the occasion.

On the following day when Templeton appeared, package in hand, at Mr. Hamlin's room, "I have the honor, Mr. Vice-President," said he, "to deliver to you the electoral vote of New Jersey. New Jersey, sir, casts nine votes for that splendid soldier and patriot, George B. McClellan, for President. New Jersey, sir, casts nine votes for that eminent statesman and confederate, George H. Pendleton, for Vice-President." "The H. she does!" exclaimed Mr. Hamlin, disgusted, as he snatched the package from Templeton's hand, and throwing it across the room to his private secretary resumed the work which Templeton's appearance had interrupted.

WRITING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.
The Interruptions an Editor was Subjected to.

[Editor writing at home to gain time starts in on an article about Spring.]
"To-day, according to the calendar, is the first day of spring—"(Wife: "Have you ordered that load of coal yet? We have only enough left to last a few days you know.")

"I ordered two tons this morning—"(And it will not be so very long now before those blue harbingers of the vernal season, the blue birds and robins, will make their appearance and gladden the eyes and the hearts of the people with their pleasant twitter. Old Sol! (Wife looking over his shoulder: "I should twitter. I wish you would have that pile of ashes in the back-yard carted away this pleasant day—it looks horrid, and the neighbors will think we're awful shabby.")

"Have to wait till it thaws out—frozen stiffer a mackerel."—Old Sol, with his beneficent rays, will cause the white mantle of Winter to disappear. Mother Earth will be the revivifying warmth in her bosom, Jack Frost will hurry back to his northern home, and—(Wife: "You ought to have got a barrel and put it out in front of the house to empty ashes in, as other people do. You did? Not much. I had the grocer leave one after waiting till the holidays. Don't you recollect?")

"Guess you're right, come to think of it."—The gentle rain will come, buds will start, lawns will take on an emerald tint, the air will become soft and balmy, and the birds will sing their way to their northern summer retreats—(Old boy: "Say, wouldn't you buy me a toboggan? All boys are getting 'em, and we want to form a club. We've got the hill lined on—street, and my old sled is busted.")

"Not this winter—spring, I mean—my boy. It isn't worth while at this time of year. Fix up one from barrel staves."—"It is a peculiarity of spring in this latitude that when she does come, after long waiting, it is with a rush; as brief as a breeze, and as sudden as a summer shower. I've poured more than a bushel of hot water on them without effect. I should think it was cold enough now to freeze the pipes, should you?"

"No; wouldn't if the plumbing had been half done. But then, what can you expect in a rented house?—Perhaps once in every decade there comes an old-fashioned spring, commencing somewhere near the date billed for her to appear, worthy of all rhapsody so freely bestowed by the poet and lover of nature; days and weeks filled with fragrance, songs of birds, cheerfulness and activity; when nature, almost impossible to remain indoors, so strong is the desire to wander abroad in the woodland and commune with the invisible spirits of earth, air and water.

How does that strike you, dear?" (reading aloud the last sentence.)
Wife: "Very pretty. Speaking of woodland reminds that the wood is most gone too, and you know our stove don't burn coal alone very well. You had better order half a cord tomorrow morning."

He: "Well, this is up-hill work. No sooner do I get wrought up and in raptures as it were with the subject than you introduce the prosaic and expensive matter of fuel in its various shapes. I doubt very much if I can finish up this article to-day or to-morrow, even if I try. However, I can but try."—As before stated, spring awakens in every heart a desire to be out of doors under the blue vault of heaven, to commune with nature; and glad indeed is he whose avocation keeps him outside of office or shop in the glad springtime. And yet farmers as a rule—(Wife: "Well, I'm going to bed. Don't forget to shake down the stove and lock the back door and wind the clock, and there's plenty of hot water in the reservoir if you want to try and thaw out the water pipes this evening, but perhaps it don't matter to-night, as it isn't very cold and may be they'll thaw out themselves if we leave the bath-room door open, and—now don't stay up till midnight, will you? It's so hard for you to get up in the morning, you know. Better put your writing by and come to bed now; it's after ten o'clock."

"I'll do it. It's time everybody was abed, and I don't feel any less weary, anyway. Come to think of it, the subject of Spring is rather premature, and what I intended to say about farmers can just as well stand over until some other time as not. You shut the back door and wind the clock, while I agitate the stove."

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He Declined with Thanks.
"St. Geo." in the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

I am afraid the incident of the time when Adjutant-General Guthrie declined to drink with Governor Feltman is not as fresh as it might be, but it is good enough to risk, especially as they both acknowledged it yesterday. It happened at the time the Governor-elect sent for Colonel Guthrie to offer him the position of Adjutant-General. He tendered him the position, and at the same time told him that he might compare views, proceeded to give Colonel Guthrie his own notions of the needs of the service. Prominently he spoke of the prevalence of drinking among the officers, and the bad influence it had upon the men. Suddenly, as though it had just occurred to him to be worth while to know before he went any further, he whirled around in his famous revolving chair, with the question:

"By the way, Colonel Guthrie, do you drink?"
"Well, occasionally," responded the tall Colonel, slowly. "But I don't care for anything just now, thank you."

The Mahdi Couldn't.
Lord Wolesey in the course of a lecture given recently in England told several anecdotes, the being one: One of his officers, who happened to have a glass eye, was one day examining a prisoner, a real one follower of the Mahdi. "Why do you believe in the Mahdi?" asked the officer. "I believe in him," replied the man, "because he can work miracles." The officer immediately took out his glass eye, tossed it up in the air, caught it and put it in its place. "Do you think the Mahdi could do that?" he asked. The man was appalled and couldn't say any other word.

Any Kind of Glasses Would Do.
Washington Dispatch to the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

He was a new man in Washington, and was the guest of a Congressman who hadn't been a Congressman for more than a hundred years. They were dressing for a reception.

"I say, Colonel," inquired the guest, "are gloves de rigueur?"
"Danged if I know," replied the Congressman. "Mine are kid. I reckon any other kind will do as well, though."

Plumart to the taste and surprisingly quick in relieving coughs and colds it is not at all strange that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup always succeeds.

A growing evil—Your next-door neighbor's snoring baby.

A Squalling Baby.
Why is a newly-born baby like a gale of wind? Because he begins with a squall. Cold, gas, indigestion, and colic, and the mother's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein will cure it.

Special Notices.
W.F.S.—All Fish stopped from Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fish after first day's use. Nervous energy. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free. P.O. order. Send to Dr. Kline, 101 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Some Good Advice to Country Girls.

Before making the plunge into city life country girls should ask themselves what they are really to be gained by it. Perhaps in their quiet rural homes some stray advertisement has reached them, promising to young women high salaries for light work. Hundreds of advertisements are framed for the very purpose of deceiving the unwary. They are accomplished their purpose, however, and large number of young girls rush up to the city, dazzled by the generous profusion of promises. A girl from the farm answers one of these advertisements. Life may have been slow at home, but there was always good food and plenty, and there was some one to care for in the old farm-house. When she goes to the big city she finds that the "light work" consisted in working all day in a badly-lighted and ill-ventilated workshop, where scores of other girls and women are employed at wages hardly high enough to keep body and soul together. We know what often comes of this. The girl goes home, and she is ashamed or unwilling to return, and she must take the consequences, one of two things—alms or suffering. Next a girl finds first in the frivolous and next in the iniquity of the streets that excitement by which regals and dances may be dear, if she is too strong in principle, too pure and elevated in tone thus to sink down to one of the pitiful women of the street, she may find herself in some cold, lonely, overworked, despondent and miserable. Better she should have stayed at home, where she would have been able to help her father, who goes up to the city in pursuit of high pay for light work. It is the saddest of all ventures, forsaking a country home for the illusions and deceptions of a large town.

A Housewife's Advice.
of health is to be found in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," to the merits of which as a remedy for female weakness and kindred ailments thousands testify.

DIED.
BACHMAN—On Wednesday, March 10, 1886, at 10 o'clock P. M., Emma, wife of Benjamin Bachman, at the residence of her husband, 2213 Market street, this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Friends of the family are invited.

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New Advertisements.

WANTED—A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN to take orders in the immediate neighborhood of a small family. Address NURS, this office.

WANTED—SALESMAN—A YOUNG MAN to take orders in the immediate neighborhood of a small family. Address NURS, this office.

FOR RENT.
The New and Commodious Buildings situated on the northeast corner of Tenth and Market streets, belonging to the estate of A. A. Merben, deceased. G. L. CRAMMER, Curator of the Estate of A. A. Merben, deceased.

HAMS!
Davis' Cincinnati Hams
And Breakfast Bacon, at
McMORRIS'S.
New Market 10 and 20c per dozen. m12

For Sale!
About 25 feet new Shelving, also Counter for sale at my old branch store. Will be sold very low. Enquire at New Branch Store, corner Fifth and Jacob streets. H. F. BERNES.

FOR GINNINATH, LOUIS, I. E.
VILLAGE and Insurance points.
The passenger steamer
LOUIS A. SHIRLEY, JOHN BENNETT, Captain, and LARRY ANDERSON, Chief Engineer. Will leave regularly for the above every SATURDAY at 3 P. M. For all information apply to
W. H. WATKINS, 103 FIFTH STREET, Agent.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.
The stockholders of the National City and Gas Company will meet at the office of G. O. Smith, No. 140 Main street, on Monday evening, March 22, 1886, at 7 o'clock P. M., to adjust by-law and elect a board of directors and transact such other business as may legally come before them.

STOCKS FOR SALE.
25 Shares Standard Iron Works.
25 Shares Lumber Mill.
25 Shares Lumber Mill.
25 Shares Lumber Mill.
25 Shares Lumber Mill.
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KENTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.
GAMBER, OR SIXTIETH YEAR.
Prepares for all Colleges or Universities, and the Government schools at West Point and Annapolis. Conducted on the military system. Thorough instruction by accomplished teachers, constant supervision of health, habits and manners. Summer term commencing April 1, 1886. For information apply to
LAWRENCE RUST, L. D., Recler.

WE HAVE RECEIVED
A large line of
HOSIERY.
We sell an elegant Imported Hose for 25c at the
"Star."
D. GUNDLING & CO.,
No. 26 Twelfth Street.

I. D. PRAGER,
DEALER IN
Wall and Ceiling Paper.
All trimmed without extra charge at
17 ELEVENTH STREET,
Wheeling, W. Va.

NOTICE TO THE OIL TRADE.
The low price of carbon oil now current has a tendency to lower the quality of some oils sent out here.

The undersigned, as resident manufacturers, who have a long established reputation to support, are frequently met by sellers of foreign oils, who shade the price at which a good, reliable oil can be made. We wish to notify the retail trade that there is no oil in this market now which is very much below the State standard of 110 degrees fire test, and is decidedly made to use as a lamp oil. Dealers will consult the interest of their customers by buying our "Sunlight" brand of carbon oil, which is warranted to stand 110 degrees fire test. We offer to the trade also Ohio Light Oil, from 145 to 150 degrees fire test, and "Water White" (Crude) Light Oil, of 150 degrees fire test. The latter oil has our beautiful sunburst label on the head of each barrel, and for a Safe, Brilliant and soft light cannot be surpassed.

ISAIAS WARREN & CO.,
110 Main street.

BUILDING.
Journal of Architecture.
DEVOTED TO ARCHITECTURE, FURNITURE, DECORATION AND ORNAMENT.
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